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## ROMANCE OF GREAT ARTISTS.

FRANCOIS HERRERA, "The Old," born at Seville in 1576, and co-disciple of Pacheco, was a fury in Art. He designed with reds, painted with huge brushes, and possessed such an abominable temper that nobody would remain with him; his wife left him, his daughter fled him and took refuge in a convent; his son ran away; his pupils abandoned him. But such was his transcendent talent that he was overwhelmed with orders from all parts of the world, and, having no one to help him, he employed his female servant as assistant to do the preparatory work of his pictures. After she had daubed the color on the canvas with a broom, Herrera would then outline his figures, largely draped, and of prodigious effect. Nothing ever modified the fury of his temper but death, which calmed him to quiet in 1656.

Everiste Muñoz, an historical painter, born at Valencia in 1601, was a matrimonial victim in an exceptional way. He married at Mayorque a lady whose first husband was supposed to have died a prisoner in Argel, but who afterwards made his appearance well and sound and announced his intention to retake possession of his wife. Muñoz, acting upon the principle that retreat is the better part of valor, retired from the matrimonial field to Ibiza, where he had the further misfortune to encounter the other husband of his wife. Returning to Mayorque, and being piqued at being supplanted as a husband, he married the widow of another soldier, consoling himself that this time his happiness would find no interruption from a prior claimant. But, to his horror, the husband of this woman also returned, and poor Muñoz, feeling himself a general resurrectionist of dead husbands, thenceforth abandoned matrimony.

There is a pretty romance connected with François Ribalta's career. While very young he studied the principles of art at Valencia, where he fell desperately in love with the daughter of his master. His love was returned by the girl, but her father refused to allow her to marry his pupil, giving for a reason that Ribalta was too mediocre, both in talent and knowledge. Ribalta, upon learning this, resolved to distinguish himself, and the young girl made him a vow that she would wait for him four years, and François left for Italy. Meantime the signorita was repeatedly urged by her father to marry, but she always refused, saying she was waiting for Ribalta. One day, after a lapse of more than three years, her lover returned and, entering his old master's studio, found the artist absent, and a half finished picture on the easel. Taking up the brushes he finished the picture, and then, being surprised by the entrance of his *hançée*, a hasty meeting took place, and Ribalta withdrew. When the master returned, seeing his picture so admirably finished, he held up his hands, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Very willingly, my child, would I marry you to a man possessing such execution as that! and you still are dreaming of that miserable Ribalta!" "Yes, father," she replied, "and it was Ribalta who finished your picture." Of course a gay wedding followed, uniting the faithful lovers.

French artists, for the most part, seem to have loved art as well as women, sensibly. Claude Lorraine, who knew the sun's rays by heart, had for all time one love, one mistress, Nature herself.

Born in poverty and obscurity, he traversed a pathway as rugged as St. Paul, of weckings on land and sea; but he struggled bravely through his eighty-two years, and died, leaving a large wealth of love and money to his nephews and nieces. He was a simple man, of excellent habits, loved peace and tranquillity, and was generous in what most artists are jealous. So ignorant he was that he scarcely knew how to write his name; but in all Nature-love he was unexcelled. He courted Dame Nature with all the ardor of a lover; she leaned and listened to his chivalrous wooing and repaid his devotion by yielding up to him her sweetest mysteries. He knew all the changing radiance of her face, at sunrise, noon, night, and midnight; the rustle of her draperies, the green and golden richness of her foliage, her moods in sunshine and storm, until she crowned him her prophet, poet, priest.

The gifted Largillière, who loved to portray people in windows, married the daughter of the painter Forest when a bachelor of forty-three. He was very gallant towards women, and overflowed in compliment. "You are so beautiful," he said to one that he was painting, "that one fancies you belong to the race of flowers." He was always bright and gay, lived to be ninety years old, and retained to the last the beautiful infatuation of love, reciting to his wife not long before he died, paralyzed as he was, verses he had written on the occasion of their marriage.

Poussin, who "discovered" the Roman Campagna, married at Rome the sister of the artist, Gaspard Duget. The union was a most happy one, he loving her tenderly and receiving in turn an immeasurable devotion that had saved his life before their marriage. He was one of the handsomest of French artists—tall, black-eyed, fine-faced, and of a firm and noble character.

Lebrun, the portraitist, loved the wife of the engraver Sylvester, and she was the model for most of his beautiful heads.

Jacques Courtois, the celebrated battle painter, married a Florentine lady, and became so exceedingly jealous of her that he poisoned her after seven years of "wretchedness." He then retired into a Jesuitical convent and assumed a monk's habit.

Rigaud, the Vandyck of France, had a romantic time getting a wife. Although very courteous to women, he never liked to paint them. "If I paint them as they are," he would say, "they are never sufficiently beautiful; and if I paint them as beautiful as they wish to be, there is very little resemblance between the portrait and the original." But to

the "romance." One day the lackey of a lady, who had received orders from his mistress to find a painter to decorate the floors of her house, addressed himself to Rigaud, who, being fond of fun, evinced no anger, and, asking the lady's address, said he would call, which he did after dining. Being a very fine-looking fellow, and always handsomely dressed, the lady, upon seeing him, at once recognized her mistake, and began to stammer and apologize for the stupidity of her lackey. It ended by hearty merriment, and the acquaintance so oddly begun led to the discovery of merit and congeniality on the part of both. The lady, however, was married, but, her husband dying soon after, left her free to marry Rigaud. Their wedded life was rich in love and full of years. She died after a long illness, through which she was the object of her husband's most devoted care. A few months after her death, as he entered the room where she died, overcome by his emotion, he raised his hands towards heaven, exclaiming, "Ah, I shall soon follow you!" and then falling upon a couch, he died a short time after.

Watteau, the society painter, who gloried in long silken robes, fans, and other adorable elegancies that seemed rather to come from fairy kingdoms than toilsome ateliers, died at thirty-seven. He was of delicate constitution, irregular in his humor, melancholy, loved solitude, and had such a horror of visitors that he was constantly changing lodgings to avoid them. He was never married.

Of the Vernets, who were painters through several generations, Claude Joseph Vernet, the grandfather, fell desperately in love in Italy with an Irish girl, Cecile Virginia Parker, and married her. She possessed a bizarre, fanciful temperament, which developed into insanity. Of the four children born of this marriage, one daughter, Emilie, perished during the Terror on the scaffold. One son, Claude Antoine, known as Carl Vernet, inherited his father's genius and his mother's wild disposition. He dressed in a monk's habit, fell in love with a pair of magnificent eyes, and, being disappointed, threw himself into a cloister. He afterwards married Fanny Moreau, a daughter of the eminent engraver, and they became the parents of Horace Vernet, the battle-painter, who adored soldiers, and painted them in a thousand attitudes. Horace was twice married, the second time to a widow. His only daughter, Louise, married Paul Delaroche.

In passing to Flemish painters, the greatest in art, and possibly the most fortunate in love, was Peter Paul Rubens. He fell in love with his first wife in church, where he went sad and melancholy after the death of his mother, to whom he owed everything. It was twilight, and he saw a young girl in black on her knees weeping and praying, and she, too, mourned for her mother. It was Elizabeth Brandt. She belonged to an honorable bourgeoisie family, but, her father having died insolvent two years before, she was left poor; and lived with Gdule, an old family-servant. The two women "took in sewing" and Rubens, in order to make the acquaintance of the household interior, ordered some shirts made, and then collars and cuffs needed repairing, and finally he had won the girl's heart. Before this, however, Rubens had been in Italy, and, falling in love there with an Italian girl, became engaged to her in marriage; but the dark-eyed Italianne proved false and married another. Elizabeth only knew Rubens as Peter Paul—knew nothing of his fame, believed him to be poor as herself, and it was only after she received a legacy of fifty thousand florins that she named a wedding day. Then, when people shouted *vivas* in honor of Rubens and his bride, did she know that her "Pierre" was the young artist. She was good and beautiful. She died seventeen years after their marriage, leaving three children, the portraits of which form one of the prettiest pictures painted by Rubens, now in the Dresden gallery. Her death was deeply deplored by the artist. He wrote of her to a friend: "She had none of the faults of her sex, no pettish moods, no feminine *faiblesse*, nothing only delicacy and goodness." But, as time cures most griefs, Rubens married four years later, when he was fifty-one, a young girl scarcely sixteen. It was Helen Fourment, the daughter of a rich and powerful family, and said by some historians to have been his niece. She was of great beauty and intelligence, had scores of suitors, but, being ambitious, she yielded her hand to Rubens, whose fame and princely household gratified her pride. He was desperately in love with her, and she proved a success, playing the role of the wife of a great man right royally. She had magnificent blond hair, and was the model Rubens' "Madeleine." Of this second marriage five children were born. Rubens died at the age of sixty-three.

Antoine Vandyck, the beloved disciple of Rubens, was the child of artists, his father being a painter on glass and his mother an artist in embroidery. His first love-affair seems to have been at Saventham, two leagues from Brussels, where he went to decorate a church. He there met a charming young woman of aristocratic birth, who taught him love, out of which grew two of his finest pictures—a "Holy Family," now destroyed, and "St. Martin giving half of his Coat to a Beggar"—a marvellous production, in which Vandyck seemed to have put all the beauty he had imbibed in his journey in Italy, from which he had just returned, and his love for the pretty Anna van Orpheum. But Rubens, hearing of this love-affair, and fearful that it would turn Vandyck from art and picture-painting, sent an ambassador to win the ardent young artist back to art and glory. This messenger was the Chevalier Nanni, who succeeded in rippling the smoothly-running course of that love, and sent Vandyck back to Italy. After five years he returned to Antwerp, and Rubens offered him the hand of his eldest

daughter. Then it came out that Vandyck had loved the girl's mother, Elizabeth Brandt; but, although she was dead, the artist was not anxious to marry her child, and, forging excuses of another character, declined the honor his master wished to do him. After a season of great success at Antwerp, Vandyck went to England. Money flowed in upon him; there was no check to his fame and fortune but his wild life, his mistress, and his extravagances. His life was of great splendor; his pictures sold for enormous sums; he retained his models at dinner to study their faces; and all continued upon a grand scale until suddenly he found that there was an end of money, and he began to be economical. Charles I., being then king, was greatly interested in Vandyck, and, in order to tear him from the reckless life he was leading, married him to the beautiful Marie Ruthven, a Scottish lassie of great qualities, noble, beautiful, and poor, so that the king gave her a dowry. After a tour on the Continent with his bonny bride he returned to England, and died there at the age of forty-two, his habits having ruined his health.

MARY W.

The "Paint and Clay Club" of Boston held an exhibition at the Williams & Everett Galleries, concerning which a correspondent writes as follows:

"Fifty-six works are being shown by John J. Enneking, Marcus Waterman, Thomas Allen and Walter L. Dean collectively. They are of great variety of style and subject matter, and impress the beholder with the strong, even assertive individuality of these men.

"The rural scenery by Enneking is intensely American and has a thorough New England flavor. Waterman transplants us along the Mediterranean and by his brilliant color captivates the art lover, while his Vermont landscape is equally striking. Mr. Allen's topography is as wide as the earth, but in every scene locality is depicted with mellow tones and thoroughly sound atmospheric effects. The marines by Walter Dean are equally satisfactory, romantic in sentiment, and sparkling in color. This is one of the best shows of the Boston season."

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James Henry Moser, the able art critic of the *Washington Times*, has done good work in the capitol by upsetting the slur of fulsome praise of local painters governed by social pulls and influence,—a cancer which affects much of metropolitan art criticism. His past years' efforts for unbiased art criticism have wrought a change there and the best men have come to recognize such criticism that is unbiased. In the review of the tenth annual exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists, he pointedly remarks:

"The writer has no disposition to criticize his fellow painters, but feels that it is quite as much his duty to point out in his writing what he believes to be the truth about art as it is to strive to paint the truth, and there will be no damning with faint praise."

He further gives due credit in this article to the excellent work of Miss Mueden, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Messer, Max Weyl and others.

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The following from the *London Daily News* is a description of the pictures Boughton will exhibit at the spring shows in London this season. His boyhood friends in this vicinity are specially interested in his great success in England, and the sustained reputation he enjoys in the artistic circles of that country where distinction in art is a social passport as well as a royal road to fortune. Mr. Boughton has four pictures, two for the academy, two for the new gallery. A young girl, who has seen better days, and happier days, passing through a country churchyard, as the light wanes and evening comes on, pauses a moment, and listens as she hears the village choir inside singing the vesper hymn. A bundle which she was carrying she lays by her on the slab of one of the old weather-stained and lichen-covered tombs which give such a venerable aspect to our village churchyards. From the window of the church above her, the light streams through the painted glass. Behind her a tall obelisk rises up into the evening sky. She lingers for a moment there, sorrowful memories stirred in her mind, her expression thoughtful, a little saddened, grave rather than actually sorrowful, and in key with the solemnities of the place and time. This picture is called "The Evening Hymn." His second picture, also for the academy, is of a half nude girl, dark-haired, melancholy, standing by the brink of a swift flowing river; face bent down, her eyes full of speculation, as she looks across the stream into the distance. The river hurries along, and its waters will be lost in the sea and she comes down with her sorrows and the tragedies of her life and stands by its tide as if it, too, might sweep them from her. The landscape behind is featureless, the river in front shows nothing in its murky waters; there is no incident or suggestion, but the face of the woman tells the whole story, a tragic story which she would wish swallowed up in "the Waters of Forgetfulness." Two smaller canvases, "A Song of Spring" and "Ashes of Roses," are for the new gallery. One knows with what feeling this artist paints the young green of early May, the buds of the apple blossom just opening out, the birds darting in and out amongst the branches. The fresh springing grass is studded with daisies and violets, and spring herself is here, welcoming the turn of the year. Another decorative little panel is lower in key and sadder in sentiment, the wild freshness of the morning of the year has gone; here is late summer—autumn, in fact—for the leaves have fallen, the roses are withering on the boughs, and the one figure, alone with her memories and her reflections, is burning to ashes the rose leaves already sere and dry.



There have been a number of tempests in the artistic teapot of Paris recently, and, as a result of the latest disturbance, M. Benjamin Constant has resigned from the Salon jury. This action upon the part of M. Constant was caused by a disagreement as to certain pictures being admitted for the coming exhibition. In voting upon this question, the numbers one, two and three are given to the accepted works, those having a number one being hung "on the line." A painting was refused which, in M. Constant's estimation merited at least a number two, and a slight unpleasantness followed. In consequence, the irate juror tendered his resignation, and the efforts of his confrères to bring about a reconsideration of the withdrawal have been in vain.

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The family of the late Puvis de Chavannes has presented to the City of Paris a most interesting collection of studies and designs by the much lamented artist. They have been placed in the small but beautiful Musée Balliéra, in the Avenue du Trocadero. The drawings and watercolors, about forty in number, comprise the original sketches for some of M. de Chavannes' most celebrated works.

A study for "L'Hiver," in the Hotel de Ville of Paris, a drawing of the artist's wife, for "L'Enfance de Sainte Geneviève," in the Pantheon, some figures for "La Littérature, la Science et l'Art," in the ceiling decoration of the grand stairway of the Hotel de Ville, and several studies of "Victor Hugo" are among the most important works in this valuable collection.

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The "Société Nouvelle de Peintres et de Sculpteurs" is holding its first annual exhibition in the Georges Petit Gallery. Some well-known names appear in the list of members, and the exhibition is an exceptionally strong one. Mr. J. W. Alexander's six canvases represent as many widely different subjects. His small "Marine" being particularly noticeable. Without adopting any of the "impressionistic" style, Mr. Alexander has put a wonderful amount of movement into his big waves which are divided by a deep trough in the center, while the transparent green of the wave crests gives a note of color to the otherwise somber and stormy sea. A charming little canvas represents a young girl bending over a vase of flowers. His "Etude en Noir," "A Portrait," a "Paysage" and one still life study complete Mr. Alexander's interesting exhibit. Frank Brangwyn shows two small Oriental scenes, rich in color and direct in treatment. His "Potiers au bord de l'Eau," a group of dignified and turbaned Orientals, is a bit of the sunshine and warmth of the East; the "Scene d'Orient" is a second study of the same general surroundings and people.

Mr. Brangwyn also exhibits two pastel sketches of trees, which are not in the least worthy of the signature which they bear and prove a disappointment to admirers of the artist. Mr. Walter Gay's canvases represent one portrait and five interiors, nice in color and treatment. Gaston La Touche shows some very brilliant studies which contain a great deal of red and yellow combined in a really remarkable manner. One large study of a slightly draped girlish figure seems to be enveloped in a golden mist; it is one of the most striking pictures in the room; his "Souvenir de Londres" and the little studies of Venice are very pleasing. M. Le Sidaner's six landscapes in oil, and two pastels are most original in their treatment. When close to the canvases the pictures seem to fade away leaving but a confused mass of thin color; at the proper distance, however, the drawing and color are remarkably strong and each detail stands clearly out from the peculiar misty effect of their surroundings. The exquisite harmony of color in the "Lune de Neige," and the delicate, tender treatment of "La Chapelle" prove that M. Le Sidaner is a poet, an adept in the mysticism of landscape painting.

Among the most important of the landscapes are Mr. Frits Thaulow's three studies of Venice, and one of Verona. In places the canvas is scarcely tinted with color, and again the dark tones are put on fearlessly and directly. The result is a very realistic representation of calm, deep canals, heavy time-stained marbles, and the shabby gilt of a past magnificence. Mr. Thaulow's subjects are "The Grand Canal," San Marco; the "Old Bridge," Venice, and a "View of Verona."

Among the sculptors, M. Constantin Meunier exhibits a number of interesting studies and portrait heads, also a bas-relief in bronze of "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," while M. Alexandre Charpentier shows some charming statuettes in terra-cotta, sketches of Parisian types, and a large case of bronze medallion portraits of celebrities, among them being those of Zola, Puvis de Chavannes, Réjane and Edmond de Goncourt.

The remaining members of this newly organized Society of Painters and Sculptors are MM. Arnan-Jean, Emile Claus, Eugene Vail, René Ménard, Henri Martin, Lucien Simon, Georges Griveau, Charles Cottet, René Prinnet, Camille Lefèvre, Albert Baertsoen, Henri Duhamel and André Dauchez.

BLANCHE DOUGAN COLE.